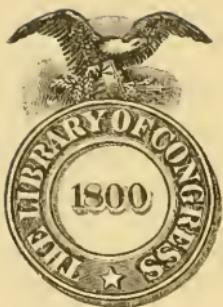


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# FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS





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## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS







"NO CROSS! NO CROWN!"



*Glynn, Thomas J.*  
**Father Glynn's  
Poems**



1922

**THE STRATFORD CO., PUBLISHERS**  
**Boston, Massachusetts**

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## Preface

THESE verses (which some friends call by the higher title of poems), were written during a busy missionary life. They were written at random, just when the mood came, with little of study, less of art and always in a hurry. The author's feet know more of the humble steps that lead up to the altar and the hospital ward than of the steps that lead us to Parnassus and the home of the muses. Many of these lyrics are forcible descriptions of the virtues and activities of the prominent men and women of this locality. The verses have been published mostly in the local magazines and newspapers of Western Pennsylvania during the past thirty years. The author, Rev. Thomas J. Glynn, chaplain of St. Joseph's hospital, city, is also favorably known as a poet-priest and inventor. An article on "Interesting People" in the December number, 1921, of the American magazine, among other interesting things ends as follows: "Charles M. Schwab sat in the Duquesne club the other day discussing the achievements of Tom Glynn."

"'Genius,' he observed, 'is as irrepressible as the spirit of Tom Glynn itself. Tom is the

## PREFACE

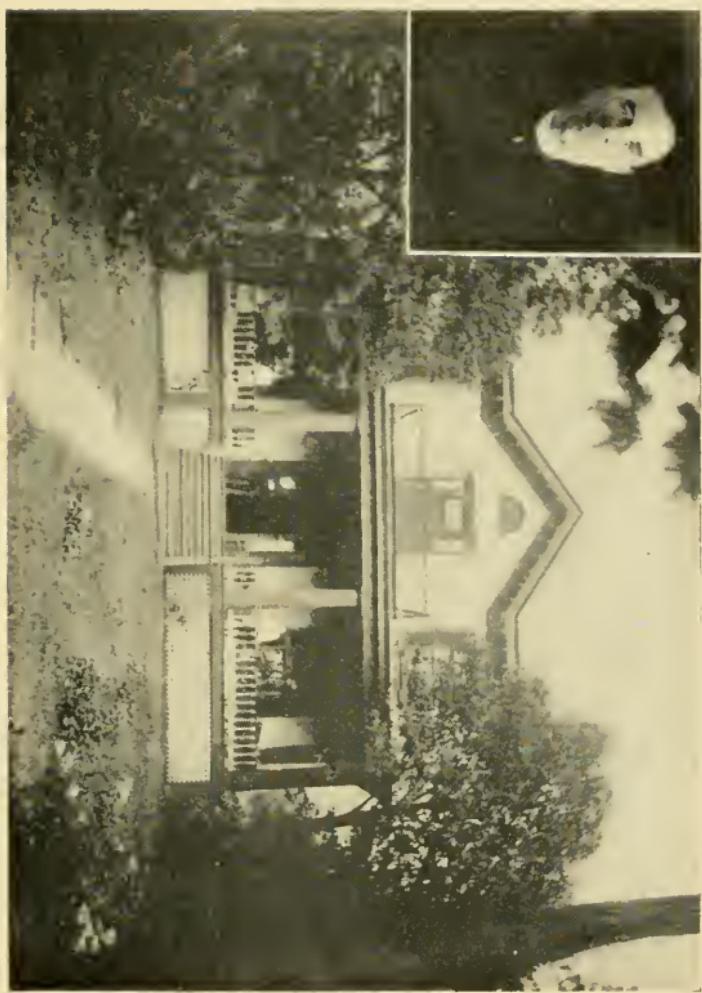
type of man depicted by the variously attributed pronouncement. If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods the world will make a beaten path to his door. And that's what has happened in Tom's case."

The author has lived familiarly with the best people of all religious denominations and therefore has the kindest feelings and the broadest charity for all in the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God. During the past eight years the author has devoted his life to giving religious consolation to the sick in the hospital.

He is with the hearts that are harrowed by care  
As God and His angels are there.  
And they wear holy veils on their faces,  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:  
They pass through this world lily virgins  
Too pure for the touch of a word.

—*The Author.*

**N. B.**—Whilst introducing the Rev. Father Glynn recently at the Duquesne University the Very Rev. Martin Hehir, President of the University made the following remarks: "Father Glynn who is one of the judges in this oratorical contest is an able orator himself. He is also recognized as the Poet-Laureate of this Diocese. He is also an inventor recognized by the Naval Commission during the World's War, therefor we do not exaggerate when we announce that The Rev. Father Glynn is one of the most prominent priests in America. He could have been as prominent as Schwab or Edison in the industrial world had he not chosen to follow the much higher priestly vocation."



HOME OF FATHER THOS. J. GLYNN







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*Dedicated to*  
CHARLES M. SCHWAB  
CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY NEXT TO THE  
PRINCE-PRIEST  
FATHER GALLITZIN  
ONE OF CAMBRIA COUNTY'S MOST  
FAMOUS SONS



## In Memory of My Mother

My Mother was the fairest, sweetest flower in  
our land.

And blessed was I with a Father who had pious  
care

Of his seven children, a faithful man of prayer.  
Full oft have poets pictured Madonnas good and  
fair

And searched the heavens and the earth for  
ideals rare,

Like Dante's love for his Beatrice — bland.

But my Mother was the most devout on God's  
fair earth,

For three score years and more, yea from my  
birth

She cherished me, protected me from every harm  
As she had vowed me to Heaven when I was born.

Rich and glossy dark was her waving hair,  
Her face and noble brow like the Madonna's fair,  
But, oh her heart and soul were so full of love  
As could be equalled only by the Mother of God  
above.

## In Rest

*The Right Rev. Mons. John Boyle*

The saintly Mountains weep,  
A Saint John the Baptist, a Prince Gallitzin  
sleeps,  
And Father John Boyle has gone to his eternal  
rest.

The virgin snow is now his winding sheet,  
Johnstown and all his Mountain Children weep,  
And mourn a prophet saint who came their souls  
to keep.

High o'er this Mountain Town he stood,  
Weeping the morning after the fatal flood,  
When all her children weeping, wandered to  
and fro,

Almost overwhelmed in their awesome woe.  
But in his heart he hears the divine command,  
The beauteous bow of heaven shines o'er this  
stricken land.

Like Saint John the Baptist he hears the call,  
And vows to heaven he will give his life for all.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

His zeal was ever active, firm his will,  
In every soul he met, God's weal he would instill.  
Let us his children pray and never cease  
That God may give his soul eternal peace.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### The White Rose

A large white rose on the altar high  
Keeps smiling at me, I wonder why?  
"St. Dominic placed me here they say  
To watch and pray on his festal day.  
While Mother Martha is busy in hospital ward,  
The Infant Bambino and I keep guard."  
But a red rose was pleading near by.  
"Oh, would that I had always watched on high."

*Dedicated to*  
SISTER BONAVENTURE  
AND THE OTHER GOOD, KIND,  
HOSPITAL SISTERS

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS\*

### That Joyous Seventh Inning

Six times the valiant Nehf  
Retired our boys in gloom.  
But in the famous seventh  
We sent the Giants to their doom.

Hysteric joy now filled the stands  
As score on score we gained.  
'Twas like a million dollars  
To see the fun that reigned.

Oh, there is gloom on Broadway,  
Though bright lights flash on high;  
'Tis gleeful Pittsburgh's joyous cry:  
The Mighty Kelly, clever Evers and McGraw,  
the owner,  
Can never forget that day they met  
And pulled the famous boner.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### Modest Nature's Dress

All nature at first the Creator blessed,  
And with modest heavenly beauty dressed  
The bronzed bark enshrining trees and plants,  
With beauteous foliage our parents first enchant.  
The haughty rose, fairest beauty known,  
Blooms regally in nature's garden blown.  
Behold again the virgin lily fair,  
That reigns a queen of all the virtues rare.

Yet the God of nature sweetly says  
Solomon in all his glory never was clothed as  
the least of these.

The graceful priestly robes we wear,  
Are modest on solemn festals fair.  
And the richest, rarest altars maze  
And bloom with modest flowers our Lord to  
praise.  
When all nature dresses with such modest care,  
Why should not you maidens dress modestly and  
fair?

### The Vampire Poppy

The vampire poppy hath a beauty and a charm,  
More fatal than Cleopatra's graceful arm.  
Within the poppy's pampered, sinful breast,  
The rose, the lily and the modest daisies rest.  
Yet its beauty and its tainted breath  
Bring men a sleep far worse than death.  
The dope fiend shrieks in his lone padded cell,  
And damns the keepers to the lowest hell,  
And cries for more, and more—but one grain  
more.

“I'll give a million but for one grain more!”  
Beware, beware, in time its fatal glow,  
Its very taste may bring eternal woe.  
The devil may have made the poppy's leaven,  
But God's grace can conquer it, and bring us  
safe to Heaven.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### The Holy Name

Forty thousand strong they came,  
Marched forward for His Holy Name;  
Silent yet loud their acts proclaim  
Reverence for God and His Holy Name.

Service for God and His Holy Name,  
Service for our free land and its glorious fame,  
A silent protest for those who profane  
The honor of God and His Holy Name.

The banners of God are the banners of fame;  
With the Stars and Stripes our faith proclaim;  
In the land of the free Columbia's fame  
We honor God and His Holy Name.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### Salute of St. Vincent's Alumni Association

*To the Rt. Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop-Elect of the  
Diocese of Pittsburg*

Our Holy Father has blest a worthy Mother's  
Son,

A son of Johnstown, our happy mountain home,  
A Son of St. Vincent's great University,

A son of Pittsburg's honored see

Come rosy fingered morn, the mother of dawn,  
Rejoice with us this honored, glorious day!

Come mellow muse and sing thy sweetest song.  
Come sing thy grandest and most glorious  
melody!

Let all Alumni sing with joy and praise,

Let all St. Vincent's Sons sing happy lays!

Bishop Boyle, our honored guest, we all salute  
thee with our song!

May thy reign be glorious, happy, good and  
long!

May the Lord protect and bless thee all thy  
days!

And make thy reign one long, sweet song of  
praise!

# FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

## On the Flight of Youth

*(Written on His Sixty-second Birthday, Sunday,  
February 5, 1922)*

When youth flies away  
On the wings of time,  
Will kind memory soothe us  
In our heart's decline?

Will our motives make good  
For the slips of our feet,  
Or might-have-been things  
Seem sad or sweet?

When our dark, glossy hair  
Gives way to the snow,  
Will the youth of our minds  
Bring back the old glow?

Will we wish we had walked  
O'er the narrow, straight way,  
That leads to sweet joys  
Of eternity's day?



FATHER GLYNN, NOW SIXTY-THREE YEARS OF AGE



## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### Mac Swiney Died That Erin Might Live

The British vampire trembles near her fall,  
The ruthless hand of fate points to the wall ;  
As nations sow so shall they reap  
And tumble headlong in a ruined heap ;

The mighty Babylon fell at Daniel's word,  
And so shall Britain fall across the sword ;  
MacSwiney died as Eleazer died,  
As the seven sons of Maccabee and mother  
died.

“We would rather die than feast and dine  
On foul, forbidden, pagan swine ;  
We offer our lives to God but not in vain,  
Full well we know that we shall rise again.”

O'er Jerusalem's temple and city fair  
Flew prodigious signs and omens—horses in the  
air ;  
The wicked Antiochus now writhes and  
squirms,  
Plagued to his death with gnawing worms.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

As wicked Babylon and Rome heard the fatal  
call.

So shall Brixton and the English tower fall.  
MacSwiney died that Erin might live—  
Gave the eternal sacrifice of his life,  
All that man can give.

The noblest proof of faith and sincerity.

Can we understand the patriotic desire,  
The long, long fast and vigil, the martyr's fire  
That burns within his heart?—  
Then let us awake and prove our part.

## Anniversary of Dante Alighieri

Heavenly choirs and all ye spirits kind  
Come wake my heart and soul and mind  
Sing of the immortal Dante. The man  
Who pierced the infernal regions of the damned  
Where murderous, fratricidal legions planned  
Against the law divine, the eternal plan.  
Where "All who enter here abandon hope,"  
In piercing non consuming flames they grope.  
With Virgil leading him through purging  
realms  
They sadly see the highest who held the helms  
Of Peter's Ship; but pride's fame, hireling's  
hire  
Now holds them sad in transient purging fire.  
Now the golden gates of heavenly Paradise  
With Beatrice leading to the skies  
Open to immortal Dante, no more to roam  
This greatest genius has found a glorious home.

## The Woman With the Golden Tongue

*Dedicated to Margot Asquith*

She is not old, she is not young,  
The woman with the golden tongue;  
With noble brow and modest eye,  
Her golden words to Heaven fly.  
Christian vestal, virgin sung,  
The woman with the golden tongue;  
Her kindly speech, her gentle hand,  
Inspire the worthiest of our land.  
Support the just, impel the brave,  
With flowers kindly deck his grave.  
Chaste and pure, a faithful wife,  
And mother, highest form in life,  
True blood will call, true blood will tell.  
As tuneful notes from golden bell,  
In tuneful numbers be she sung,  
The woman with the golden tongue.

### A British Wireless Parlor

A Grey British spider  
Built a wireless on high,  
With antennae the finest  
To please a critic's eye.  
"Come Lodge in my parlor"  
Said this spider to a dove  
"You can bore a nest to suit you  
In its mystic rooms above."  
"Its soft silken curtain  
Has a tone of quiet ease,  
You must not be uncertain,  
As you are the dove of peace."  
In this parlor I have entertained  
The greatest of your land,  
I have dined them, I have wined them  
Until they felt O very bland,"  
But the dove says 'I thank you,'  
"I'm aware, John, you've done your best,"  
"But the American dove once disturbed in  
love  
Never returns to the same nest."

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### Welcome to a Sparkling Spring

Welcomed thou cold, clear sparkling spring  
From kind nature's font distilling,  
Long lost to me. The wines and wiles of art  
And follies' flattery from hence depart,  
O joyous purling spring! O boyhood days!  
When thou did'st quench my thirst always.  
Oft have I longed again to welcome thee  
But habit's fatal folly hindered me.  
Returned at last thou bringest back my youth  
And happiness supreme. In soothe  
Thou art an angel with mirrored face  
Bringing me both earthly joy and heaven's  
grace.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### Call for Golden Action

While treasury groans with bullion's weight  
I have no coin to pay my freight;  
My railroad cars and my railway  
Are rusting idle all the day.

Should gold be stored while men decay?  
Are golden values to be hid away?  
Is good water to be sealed tight in reservoir?  
Whilst the land below is parched by fire?

My barns are burdened with golden wheat,  
Whilst my men cry out for some to eat;  
Why not bring out your golden steeds,  
And make them useful for our needs?

Bring out your golden chariots' store;  
Awake our industries from shore to shore;  
Make use of gold that came our ways,  
And God will bless you all your days.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### The Shy Narcissus

Come sweet shy Narcissus, Asphodel,  
Why leave the nymphs so lonely from thy spell ?  
Art thou the poppy's long lost child,  
Wandering through meadows and forest wild ?  
Who was thy father or thy mother kind  
Begetting thee on the wings of the wind ?  
Why dost thou gaze into the fount's clear face,  
Mirage like to see thy own sweet self always ?  
Pine, pine, pine away.  
Who seeks self alone, seeks sure decay.  
The nymphs will lift thee from thy cenotaph.  
The muses sing thy dirge and epigraph  
The gods protect thee from all evil charms  
And place thee in thy lily mother's arms.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary

*Of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Schwab, Parents of  
Charles M. Schwab*

Sing, sing, sweet Muses, sing today!  
O, sing a joyous, golden melody!  
Sing of the sixty jeweled years,  
Sing of the father and mother rare,  
Sing of their children's joys without fears.  
All Cambria's sons and daughters fair,  
Salute their noble, virtuous pair.  
The good Loretto sings thy praise,  
In the beautiful chapel thy son did raise.  
Johnstown and Altoona sing on high,  
And all the Mountains send joyous cry,  
And thank the Lord in all His ways.  
O, may thy years grow in virtue, more and more,  
To gain, at last, Heaven's happy shore.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### The Kaiser's Soliloquy

“I am the Great Samsonian Amazonides,  
When I thundered forth my untern boats  
I hurled the British dreadnaughts howling to  
their gods,  
(And the gay fickle Paris hid himself in Helen’s  
cloak)  
I tore the mighty Czar from his tyrant throne  
And lifted his servile Slavs to rule their own,  
I challenged the Great Goddess of American  
Liberty  
In New York’s noble bay,  
And I made her eagle scream with fright,  
Whilst she flew from the White Mountain to the  
Rockies  
To gather her brave men and branded gold.  
But the Eagle came, saw and conquered  
And now I die as Belshazzar died,  
As Cheops, Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon  
died.  
My destiny and fate I leave to God,  
My poor, weak body to the silent sod.”

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### In Memory of Monsignor Joseph Suhr

Monsignor Joseph Suhr hears the Divine call,  
Bowed to the Eternal Will that ever beckons all.  
Ad sum, I am here, O Lord, he said,  
As on ordination's morn he bows his head.  
Few men have had so many gifts combined,  
Grace, piety and learning artly joined.  
Active like Martha in building God's temples  
fair,  
Yet passive like Mary ever devout in prayer.  
A massive fund he had of theologic lore,  
Science, wisdom, knowledge more and more,  
Yet he was as unassuming as a child,  
Meek and humble and wonderfully mild.  
To come before his presence was a learned feast,  
And each returned a better man, a better priest.  
Service for God he ever kept in view,  
The pillar of our diocese, we priests all knew.  
His faith shone o'er the mystic paths of strife,  
And helped us all to lead a higher life.  
His life was such as to test the poet's pen,  
But surely seldom shall we see his like again.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Outstanding and distinguished among his  
fellow men,  
He hears the Requiescat, Gloria, and the grand  
Amen.

Ezra Wilberforce Lightner

Dead! No! Such men can never die!  
The cultured spirit that enshrined him  
Must live as long as art can live.  
A change has come upon the spirit of his dream  
That wafts him to the stars he loved so well.  
Sweet symphonies and rhapsodies  
Welcome him to the kindly light of Heaven,  
Where Lizst will welcome him  
To see Murillo's Virgin and Madonna fair,  
And all the choirs of Heaven will sing,  
"Here is a man who knew and loved his fellow  
men  
And lived life well, according to the lights he  
knew."

## Easter Sign of Life Renewed

As melodiously worded by Strickland Gillilan—"Oh, book that first proclaimed the story of lives re-lived in greater glory! Full proof of everything you say lies all about on Easter day, when flowers, even as souls of men, rise from their tombs and live again"—so is the significance of the celebration expressed by the chaplain in St. Joseph's Hospital:

The glorious, joyous sun of Easter morn  
Proclaims the resurrection of Christ reborn.  
The heavens proclaim the Lord has risen,  
The angel announces the tomb is riven.

The ever faithful Mary's call,  
The Lord has risen radiant over all.  
All men and maidens lift your eyes on high,  
The face of nature blooms with majesty.

Now love and sacrifice have been esteemed,  
The tragic drama closes with mankind re-deemed.  
All nature mirrors forth the Redeemer's love

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

The Lord triumphant reigns on His throne  
above.

Oh, would that we might rise from sin's melee,  
And crush the serpent's head this glorious day.

### Recalls Spelling Bee

Ah, Mr. Editor, you must have a heart to please  
Going back in mem'ry to those "spellin' bees."  
Fifty years and more in Johnstown's Mountain  
schools  
When but a boy of 10 I kept the rules,  
We had no domestic science of the vocational  
training brand  
Except that our good, old mother taught us o'er  
the land.  
But we could spell Popocatapetl and iztac-  
cihuatl, too,  
Renaissance with punctuality and rendezvous.  
Ah, I was a proud, little hero on Exhibition  
Day,  
When I spelt down my Prof. S. B. McCormick  
on "chamois."  
He spelt it "shammy" as it sounded that way,  
But I fear he was shamming on Exhibition Day,  
Now we are editors, priests, lawyers, doctors  
and business men,  
But the "spellin' bees" brought out the best in  
us then.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### Bambino Mio, Home Run King of Swat

O Bambino Mio, Home Run King of Swat,  
Ten million fans await the happy day—

(A Merry Christmas Day)

Ten million joyous boys, men aged and gray—  
When they may see and feel thy seepter's magic  
sway.

Lo ! gods and goddesses now fill the stands,  
While shimmering fans keep time with jazzing  
bands,

And wait with high suspense to see or read  
Of the magic circle being squared indeed.

How mighty Yellow Horse must smile on thee,  
And Johnson feed his ins and outs to thee,  
While fifty thousand "fans" shriek shouts to  
thee

To swat the "pesky pill" high o'er the Forbes  
Field wall

And "smash" all records. "Yea, Babe Ruth,"  
kill the ball,

Thou greatest Home Run King of all !

### The Coal Miner

Down deep in dreary, darkened cavern's gloom  
The miner hastens early to his daily doom.  
A solemn stillness rules what e'er the fates be-  
tide;  
Eternal darkness reigns on every side.

The dimmed light upon his greasy cap  
Reminds him of the dreaded gas mishap.  
Full prone he lies upon his weary back  
And its pick, pick, pick, crack, crack, crack.

Oft in the sordid gloom his day dreams rise;  
He hopes a better fate for his own boys.  
Full oft the ambulance in dreary black  
Brings home his corpse or with a broken back  
And it's pick, pick, pick or crack, crack, crack.

As the miner is most worthy of his hire  
Those crushing him should dread eternal fire.  
But men must work and women pray  
And the Lord help the miner to keep the wolf  
away.

### With a Mine Mule

When but 13 years of age he had to quit his school.

Although he was not tall he thought he knew it all,

So at 60 cents a day, non-union pay,

He tried to drive a mule.

The mule looked meek and mild, and as the boy was rather wild,

He pitied the poor mule;

For this mule seemed much too slow for a boy that wished to go

At some pace.

So he lashed the mule with a thorny switch,

And soon was landed in a ditch quite surprised at his disgrace,

Then he climbed upon his back to dispute the right of way,

When he came to a pile of slack the mule knelt as if to pray,

Then he rolled him off his back, rolled over 10 times, I say.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

When he got up, the mule shook himself quite  
gay.  
Yet he mounted him again to have his own way  
But still this stubborn mule kept up his kicking  
rule.  
And as the boy wasn't born a fool he resolved  
to quit this mule,  
To return a wiser youth to school, this time to  
stay,  
But before he quit, as he had some wit he had  
the boys  
To strike and win 85 cents a day.

## A Water-Power Vision

All human knowledge is a relative thing;  
Depends like peace on what our minds can  
bring,  
Some minds the mystic depths of faith perceive,  
And found their knowledge on divine belief.

Had our minds the radium's active glow,  
To see through all with X-ray's radiant flow,  
Ten trillion miles the eye could see with ease,  
Bring near the distant Vega and sublime  
Betelgeuse,

But yesterday we smiled at aerial flight,  
Yet Langley made the plane of motor used by  
Wright.

Marconi sends us wireless over the seven seas;  
Edison gives light and music enshrined our  
souls to please.

Providence hides nature's secrets in the soil,  
That a Madame Curie, may discover radium by  
her toil,  
What may be next for greatest power of all?  
Gravitation with the buoyant water's fall.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

The magnetic force of gravitation's speed,  
Controlled by man may give us all we need ;  
When we may sit and sing all day in ease,  
Enjoy forever the golden age of peace.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

J. M. J.

*My first poem dedicated to my beloved Professor Father Tabb, the poet-priest. He was delighted with my first boy-hood effort and presented me kindly with a volume of Poe's Poems. I shall always remember him in my prayers as he taught me first how to love the good, the true and the beautiful.*

### The Fox and the Crow

In times of old the story goes,  
That beasts could speak as well as crows;  
Who oft their joyful praises sung,  
With artful use of golden tongue.

One morn in merry month of May,  
As Reynard goes his stealthy way;  
A Crow is sitting in the trees,  
In calm content and happy ease.

Now Reynard raised his cunning eyes,  
To see if aught he might surprise;  
And looking keenly to the sky  
Espied the Crow a sitting high.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Then peering once again he sees,  
That in her beak she holds some cheese,  
Resolving then with might and main,  
The tempting morsel to obtain.

And turning to the silly bird,  
He thus addressed with flattering word,  
“My charming friend, how sweet you look,  
Your plumes reflect the silvery brook.”

“They say your voice is very sweet,  
You with the morning lark compete.  
And if 'tis true you sing so well,  
You are the queen of all the dell.”

The Crow elated now with pride,  
Began to swing from side to side;  
Then trying hard some notes to trill,  
The cheese it fell from out her bill.

Now Reynard ran and took the cheese,  
And hastened 'neath the lofty trees;  
Reflecting on his homeward way;  
The lesson taught the Crow that day.

Moral; Beware of flattery! Beware of vain pride, that often lures us on the brink of a precipice and then like a fiery thunder-bolt hurls us to destruction.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

J. M. J.

TO MY MASTER MR. FRANK McKENNA

### I

Youthful master we must leave thee.  
Our studies now are nearly o'er;  
On the morrow we must part thee,  
Many may not see thee more.

But where e'er our duties take us  
O'er the thorny path of life  
Thy good precepts e'er will make us  
Ever ready for the strife.

In the midst of joy and sorrow  
And the future's cares unknown  
We will ever ever love thee  
Love thee, love thee as our own.

Now in parting we do leave thee  
Something better far than gold  
We do leave thee our affection  
And our cherished love of old.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Now when future joys o'ertake thee,  
Thou wilt think of joys of old;  
So dear master we will give thee,  
All our names in story told.

## II

Sweeny and Lavelle are looking  
Toward Pennsylvania shore  
Fitz and Murphy both are sleeping  
As they often slept before  
Gerry loves his latin grammar  
More than story books of old  
Grady smiling says 'tis true  
Looking back at Donahue  
Slade and Farren ne'er repine  
Of the joys of olden time  
And O'Conner now no longer  
Sits upon the organ stool  
Little Lynott says to Mylott,  
Walsh is going home by rail  
And now McCallen never wails  
When he ties the foxes tails  
Mr. Riley spoke so highly  
Of McAndrews when he sung  
That little Peter says he's sweeter  
Sweeter far than Master Dunne

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Harrig says he'll strike no more  
He thinks his striking days are o'er  
Bean and Buckley both are sighing  
For the joys of long ago  
And the Lynches both are trying  
How to find where time does flow  
Kelly, Keely and O'Donnel  
All are growing wise with love  
Stoltz and Wallace both are singing  
As they sung in days of yore  
McGuinness often loves to tell  
Of the 6th he liked so well  
And Riley says he'll ne'er forget  
The kindness that he always met  
Our little rhyme we now will end  
With Kinney Walsh and Renehend.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### An Evening Vision

All day long, the ball was rolling,  
    Rolling, rolling o'er the lawn;  
We were weary then from strolling,  
    We had played from early dawn.

Sweetly sang the evening warbler,  
    Softly tolled the vesper bell;  
Slowly o'er us came a slumber,  
    In this silent peaceful dell.

Now before us rose a vision,  
    That enrapt our souls with joy;  
For no fairer scene Elysian  
    E'er appeared beneath the sky.

'Sweet Rome before our view did rise,  
    With all her noble Hills so fair;  
St. Peter's seemed to kiss the skies,  
    So sweet and balmy was the air.

O lovely Rome! the Pilgrim's home,  
    With all Thy scenes so fair;  
Thy marble halls Thy sacred walls,  
    Do tell us God is there,

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Long did we gaze upon this scene,  
So often sung in sweetest song;  
When lo! an angel fair serene,  
Now came to lead us gently on.

Within St. Peter's holy shrine  
We wend our joyful way;  
The holy pilgrim needs no sign  
To tell him now to pray.

Sweet strains of music o'er us come,  
While rapt in sweet and silent prayer;  
A grand procession moves along,  
Sweet-smelling incense fills the air.

The scene is changed; we pass along  
A silent shady wooded way;  
Rome's greatest school we look upon,  
The students all come out to play.

We looked to see if we might know,  
Among the joyous throng  
But one among them all; when lo!  
A score or more come on.

The first to take us by the hand  
Was Bingham, bright and fair;  
The next was Buckley, from the band,  
And Gwynn with modest air.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Now Gerry comes upon the scene,  
And greets us with a smile ;  
And Farron looking quite serene,  
Keeps bowing all the while.

Fitzpatrick now upon the stand,  
Says : What does all this mean ;  
But close behind him comes the band  
They call the royal team.

Now Kenefick adds to our joys,  
With Kelly, Keeley, both along,  
Surrounded by the other boys ;  
McAndrews sweetly sings a song.

Now Lynch comes forward with a bow,  
And welcomes us to Rome ;  
And Murphy with inquiring brow,  
Says : How is dear old home .”

Now Wagner not unknown to fame  
Comes with O'Connor bold ;  
And Harrig whom we love the same,  
With Johnny Maher of old.

Now Watterson so bright and fair,  
With Grady comes to view ;  
And Bean with unassuming air,  
With Fox bids us adieu.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

As all things human have an end,  
And many are not what they seem,  
So we awoke; there's no amend  
To find 'twas all, a pleasant dream.

### Sacerdos

Sing, sing, sweet Muses, sing to me,  
O sing a joyous melody!  
Sing not of Passion's fleeting wine,  
But sing of heavenly love divine.

A bright-eyed boy with golden hair,  
Sang with his mother pure and fair,  
The mother smiled on her beauteous boy  
Her fondest hope, her dearest joy.

The song has ceased, the mother prays  
Her boy be kept from sinful ways,  
That God would guard her darling child  
And make him noble, pure and mild.

The boy beholds his mother's face  
Bright with the beams of heaven's grace,  
"Mother," he cries, "fear not for me,  
A holy priest of God I'll be!"

He plods in pain through grammar rules  
Pale is his face from lore of schools,  
His wit is keen, he gives and takes,  
Low cutting puns he never makes.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Long years roll on since he began,  
The child was father to the man;  
He loved his books, he loved his play,  
Yet, life was not a Summer's day.

The world looked bright, serene and grand  
Temptations came on every hand;  
“O God,” he prays, “if it must be,  
Give thou me grace, O strengthen me!”

Grace comes at last, the youth has won  
The noble fight so well begun;  
God's holy sign is on his brow,  
And seraphs bright before him bow.

O happy, happy child of grace!  
So blessed among the chosen race;  
Well may thy friends rejoice in bands  
When blest by thy anointed hands.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### Homo

Six thousand years have cycled o'er this sphere  
Since Heaven evolved the human form divine,  
Immortal proud he stands without a peer  
The noblest being in creation's line;  
The burning cherubim would fain opine  
What new-born god beclouds the lord of day,  
What child of nature mazed with nature's  
wine,  
Now low adores, now humbly kneels to pray,  
'Tis Man immortal mortal Man that claims our  
lay.

Nature's nursling he cons the fairy tales  
Of science and of art. In youth's patrol  
He loves the mountains high; the shady vales  
Sing sad and silent music to his soul,  
O'er pleasant paths of poesy he loves to stroll;  
He looks not back, the scorn of weak mankind  
But speeds his course to gain the destined goal,  
And though he fail Parnassian gold to find  
The royal realms he trod bring solace to his mind.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

The silvery songs of youth console his prime  
While pondering deep with philosophic norm,  
Now molecules with plastic nature twine,  
Then passive Matter with the active Form  
He artly joins; the strong Scholastic arm  
He wisely wields and thereon builds this  
world,

Then steals the fire from Heaven, even from  
the storm

And around the Earth the lightning message  
twirled

That Man was lord of all with freedom's flag  
unfurled.

But lo! the golden doors of Heaven unfold,  
The mysteries dread, the mystic heights  
sublime

Of grace, election, triune God of old

Imbue his soul. Eternity and Time

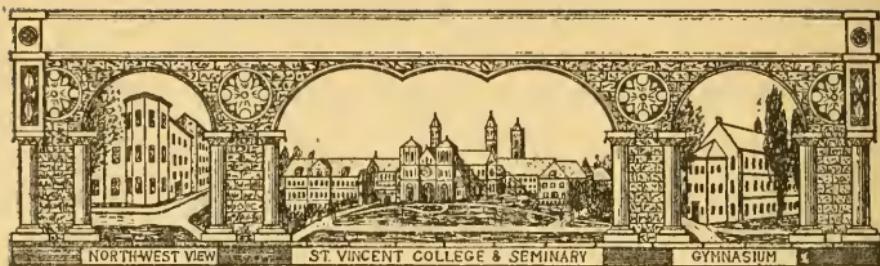
With Immortality inspire his rhyme;

Profound abyss, Infinity! To die!

To see the good reward, the end of crime;

The unconscious brute lifts not his head on  
high,

'Tis reasoning Man alone that peers into the sky.



## Spring at Alma Mater ST. VINCENTS ARCH ABBEY

Season of beauty and emerald loveliness  
Thy magic charm my soul now sweetly lures,  
What kindred spirit brings thee forth to bless  
The barren earth o'er hills and dales and  
moors?  
Calm peaceful Spring, who would not rather  
dream with thee  
Than feel the poignant pangs of stern reality?

Dear Alma Mater, thou art ever fair,  
No season mars the beauty of thy face;  
Thy sacred hills invite the balmy air  
Thy towers and walls repose in classic grace,  
Still, still, 'tis Spring, the happy, tranquil,  
lovely Spring  
That crowns thy childrens joys, that makes  
thy songsters sing.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

How beautiful thy mountains rise afar  
The undulating hills rest at their feet;  
The quiet city with its gates ajar  
Where weary strangers ever welcome meet;  
The fiery steed of steel with palace rich and  
grand  
Now flys with lightning speed throughout this  
verdant land.

How oft in pleasant mood the students stroll  
Along the dear, old "Cherry Path" to view  
The broad expanse of heaven seen from the knoll,  
Then roll the frenzied eye to visions new,  
Thus ease the wearied mind o'ertaxed with learning's store.  
Too soon, too soon, alas! those happy days  
are o'er.

How oft they sit within that quiet shade  
Where Musicant so loved to sing and play,  
Where *boom ba sa sa* joyous laughter made  
And liquid music oft inspired the lay.  
Ah! bring me back again those happy days of  
old,  
And you make keep your formal feasts, your  
banquets lined with gold.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### Life

I sat by the sea one summer morn  
And gazed o'er the face of the deep,  
The breakers roared by the surge upborne,  
As the cliffs were high and steep.

And the problem of life arose in my mind  
As the waves came rolling by,  
But never an answer could I find  
In the ocean's solemn cry.

I asked two friends who sat by my side,  
Who were reared mid the lore of the schools,  
And one in simple terms replied,—  
“ ‘Tis the force of molecules.”

But the other refuted in terms more sound,  
And soared as a bird on the storm;  
“ The essence of life,” said he, “ is found  
In the union of matter and form.”

Then I turned to a youth who gently came  
Along with a maiden fair;  
“ ‘Tis love, true love, with hope of fame,”  
He replied, with a joyous air.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Then an aged sire came wandering near,  
His speech was wise, his step was slow;  
“Life,” said he, as he dropped a tear,  
“Is a mixture of joy and woe.”

“For, I feel with the Bard that life is a stage,  
And all the world are players;  
Play well your part at every age,  
In the midst of your joys or cares.”

“If your part’s well played, there’s hope from  
above,  
There is hope on the boundless shore;  
For there we shall rest in peace and love,  
And mysteries shall be no more.”

### To Youth

The river of youth is a wonderful stream,  
Though many men hold it as only a dream;  
Its fountains are sparkling with gems and with  
gold,  
Its borders adorned with beauties untold.  
Oh, why does it flow now so swiftly along,  
Discoursing sweet music with roundelay song?  
Sail on, my dear child, in thy boat down the  
stream,  
Too soon thou'l<sup>t</sup> awake from thy beautiful  
dream!  
Beware of the rapids that lie in thy way;  
Beware of the siren that sings all the day!  
Be just, and fear not, though the billows may  
roar,  
Thou'l<sup>t</sup> safely arrive on Eternity's shore.





FATHER GLYNN'S MOTHER MARY  
BROTHER JAMES  
AND  
SISTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH

### The Golden American Corn

O, for a quaff of the golden meal corn,  
As it refreshed my boyhood in early spring  
morn.

How often I sang with the birds on the hill,  
As the miller was grinding his corn at the mill.  
How often I relished corn mush and cake,  
That only my good mother knew how to make.

The famed Dr. Johnson enjoyed his oat meal,  
And Boswell and Colonel confessed to its weal.  
The canny old Scot, and the brave Irish boy,  
All sing of its flavor and sing of its joy.  
They loved porridge and bread  
From the day they were born.  
But give me my golden American corn.  
Let us sing its praises like the gallant Jack Tar,  
For on mush we must win this terrible war.

## The Service Star For Humanity

### THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

The service Star of Bethlehem illumines the  
night,

A Babe Divine is born, in arms of Mother  
fair,

Angelic choirs now calm the Shepherd's fright.

Heaven and earth unite in golden links of  
prayer.

The Blessed Damoiselle, Virgin pure as snow  
Now lifts to heaven the poet's eye in fine  
frenzy glow.

So shines the Service Star of Bethlehem radiant  
flow,

With kultur of Huns and Goths again laid low,  
Deposing the powerful tyrants from their  
throne,

Exalting the humble to heaven's zone.

The Divine Babe of Bethlehem, the Service  
Star for humanity,

Will shine with providential sheen o'er all,  
for eternity.

### A Reminder of Christmas Charity

Ye men of wealth, whom God has blest  
With smiling plenty's store,  
When planning pleasure's future feast,  
Do not forget the poor.

How oft I gazed into the shops,  
How oft I thought to stead;  
A penny's worth of baker's bread  
Was oft my daily meal.

And now when I recall those days  
That many still endure,  
I ask the rich with all my heart  
To not forget the poor.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### Peace

Come mellow Muse and sing thy sweetest lay,  
Come sit with me beneath the olive tree  
And sing of Peace in tranquil melody.  
Now dawns the morn of bright supernal day,  
And horrid War now hies in shame away,  
The beauteous bow of heaven now smiles serene,  
The Golden Age of Peace now reigns supreme  
And holds the world enraptured 'neath its sway.  
No more of War for bawdy sailors brawl  
Nor haughty Pride nor green-eyed Jealousy  
Shall might make right; but Love reciprocal  
Shall rule the world in kindred sympathy.  
O happy days! O calm Elysian skies!  
Fain would I rest within thy Paradise.

# FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

## To Our Rt. Reverend Arch-Abbot

*On the Festival of His Patron*

ST. LEANDER, FEBRUARY 27.

**L**eander, loved of God, rejoice to day,  
**E**mpyrean grace imbues thy placid soul;  
**A**ll things to all, thou lovest the humbler way  
**N**or doth thy throne impede thee from the goal.  
**D**ominion's duleet charm hath nought for thee,  
**E**'en though the jeweled crown bedecks thy brow.  
**R**eligion's ark glides safely o'er the sea,

**A**ll storms surcease, the peaceful olive bough  
**R**ules all supreme. Leander — not the youth  
**C**harmed by fair Hero o'er the sounding main —  
**H**onors this day, but Seville's Saint; bright truth

**A**dorns his name. Error he drove from Spain\*  
**B**ut still to thee we turn our father dear,  
**B**efore thy throne we come to praise thy name,  
**O** may'st thou live to see the golden year  
**T**hat cycles on to bring thee heaven's fame.

---

\* The Church prays, "Deus, qui Arianam pravitatem Beati Leandri . . . doctrina et meritis ab Hispania repulisti; da plebi tuae etc."

## The Drowning Babe of Johnstown

Above our quiet city stood  
A village bright and fair,  
For peace and plenty filled its homes  
And joy was everywhere.  
'Twas evening, and the sun had set  
Behind the western hill,  
The moon had risen in the east  
And all was clear and still.  
Sweet music o'er the waters came  
To soothe the rustic mind,  
And merry laughter filled the air,  
For joy was unconfined.  
But soon a change came o'er the scene,  
The winds began to rise,  
The storm-king raged upon the plain  
The lightning filled the skies;  
The thunder shook the mighty hills,  
The mountains groaned with pain;  
The heavens above with violence rent,  
Poured forth the fatal rain.  
It rained in torrents all night long,  
It rained the live-long day,

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

The pious country-people prayed,  
    The rain might pass away.  
The waters soon began to rise  
    And leap the highest bound,  
The people fled towards the hill  
    Where safety could be found.  
Down, down, the raging torrent rushed  
    From mountain, hill and dale,  
The roaring waters dashed along,  
    And filled our lovely vale.  
Near by the village stream there dwelt  
    A happy, happy pair:  
One only child had blessed their life,  
    And it was very fair.  
A boat was moored beside their home  
    To bear the babe away,  
The mother sat close by the crib  
    Wherein her darling lay;  
The rowers pulled with might and main  
    To gain the nearer side,  
But oh! the crib fell off the boat  
    Into the raging tide.  
“My child, my child!” the mother shrieked  
    “O save my darling child!”  
She breathed a prayer and then she leaped  
    Into the waters wild.  
She struggled with the muddy wave,

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

She heard the waters roar;  
The boatman grasped her by the arms  
And bore her to the shore.  
Far off upon the current swift  
The crib and babe were seen,  
The mother took one longing look,  
Then fell upon the green.  
The people ran along the banks,  
Some stood the child to see;  
The babe then waved its tiny hand  
As if in childish glee.  
“O save my child, my darling child!”  
The loving mother cried;  
But on the raging waters sped  
To fill the foaming tide,  
“The bridge, the bridge!” the people cried,  
That stood upon the shore,  
For soon the crib must strike the bridge,  
’Twas nearing more and more;  
“Who’ll save the child!” near by the bridge  
Was heard the piercing cry,  
Then spoke a hardy son of toil,  
“I’ll save it though I die!”  
He sprang upon the swaying bridge,  
It shook from side to side;  
The flood came rushing o’er the rail,  
He saw the foaming tide;

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

He knelt upon the bridge's edge,  
And held fast to the strand,  
The crib came dashing swiftly by,  
The babe was in his hand.

### Sequel

Though the innocent Babe was saved that day,  
Yet scarce two years had passed away  
When the fatal, deadly Dam gave way  
And, alas, made two thousand graves  
For Our Decoration Day.

### Poet and Priest

Silver and gold they had none to display,  
Yet the lame walk with joy, the blind see God's  
day.

The poet and priest inspired from above  
Give all they have, and give all for love.  
If none be poets save the saints on high,  
The heartless man can never know, can never  
see the sky,

The tyrant and the king may sit coldly on the  
throne  
Yet never know the humane heart or feel it as  
their own.

The priest himself must know, before the altar  
shrine  
To lead his little flock to heaven's love divine.

Yet all are priests and all are poets rare  
Who have a heart to feel, who have a heart  
to care,

Who loves the good, the beautiful and true,  
Is both priest and poet if he loves both God  
and you.

## Our Bishop

(An Acrostic.)

*In Honor of His Diamond Birthday.*

**O**ur Bishop Phelan, hail, all hail, Sir Knight!  
**U**pon thy natal day we turn to thee,  
**R**ejoice, defender brave of truth and right,

**B**ishop and Priest, we sing thy melody.  
**I**n sooth thou wert a noble giant born,  
**S**till meek as gentle lamb at mercy's call,  
**H**igh heaven's richest gifts were sent the morn  
**O**n which thou madest the step and gave thine  
    all

**P**eace hath been thy watchword. The olive  
    bough

**R**ules all supreme. Thy valiant strong right  
    arm  
**I**n peace and war defends us from the foe,  
**C**ontrols thy See serene, preserves from harm.  
**H**ail, honored chief! Hail, worthy lord! All  
    hail!

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

**A**nd may thou reach the goal, four score and  
more  
**R**evolving years with deeds. Then may a gentle  
gale  
**D**rive thy good Argosy to heaven's golden  
shore.

## Millions for Eternal Joy and Peace

A rich man died who placed his trust  
In gilt-edged bonds and golden dust.  
Dame fortune gave him a wand and horn  
Upon the morn that he was born.  
He blew his horn and waved his wand  
And giants rose to seal his bond.  
What e'er he touched like genii of old  
Changed at once to molten gold.

“I’d give a hundred millions without alloy,  
If I could have eternal joy.  
My heaven I’d have here below  
With no human pain or human woe;  
And millions more I would increase,  
Could I but have eternal peace.  
Who dies with millions dies disgraced, my cry,”  
Then leads his camel to the needle’s eye.

Yet the angel guarding the golden gate  
Says, “I’m sorry, but you failed below to make  
a date.”

## The Awful Magnificent Oratorio

When the Almighty first whirled this universe  
    into space,  
The Systems sang a grand, obedient harmony  
    of praise.  
Each planet, submissive to its Sun, sang milder  
    melodies,  
But all choired “Holy, Holy God of Love  
    We bow before Thy power above.”  
Some Suns, inclined to wander from the fold,  
    Were warned by fiery Comet bold,  
Yet heedless of their fate, the Comet returned,  
    Ope’d its fiery jaws; consumed and burned,  
Their ashes now make up its radiant trail.

### “The Prince of Peace”

*(Dedicated to the Sisters of St. Joseph Hospital)*

Come, mellow Muse, and sing thy sweetest lay,  
Come sit with me beneath the olive tree  
And sing of Peace in tranquil melody,  
The Prince of Peace evolves supernal day,  
And horrid War now hies in shame away.  
The beauteous bow of Heaven will smile serene,  
The Golden Age of Peace will reign supreme  
And hold the world enraptured 'neath its sway.  
No more of War, for greed of gold or power,  
Nor haughty Pride, nor green-eyed Jealousy  
Shall might make right; but Love reciprocal  
Shall rule the world in kindred sympathy.  
Peace on earth, to all men free  
And Glory to our God shall be,  
O happy days! O calm Elysian skies,  
Fain would I rset within thy Paradise.

Rev. Mother Bernard, Jubilarian

**O**ur Mother, loved of God, rejoice today,  
**U**rsula's virgin grace imbues thy soul ;  
**R**ejoice, sweet virgin doves, rejoice and pray.

**R**ejubilate ! Our Mother's silvery goal  
**E**nshrines this day, dear Mother Bernard,  
**V**E**'en though the jeweled gem adorns thy brow,  
**R**eligion's ark glides safely o'er the sea.  
**E**njoy thy throne today, thy olive bough  
**N**ow rules supreme on thine own jubilee.  
**D**ominion's dulcet charm may rule the world.**

**M**other, thy banner is to heaven unfurled,  
**O** mayst thou live to see the golden year  
**T**hat cycles on to bring the heaven's fame.  
**H**appy, we sing today, our Mother dear,  
**E**mpyrean hymns we chant to praise thy name.  
**R**ejoice, rejoice, with song rejoice we all.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

**B**lessed the morn thou vowed to heaven's call  
**E**'er yet the world entrancee thee with its sheen,  
**R**esolved to be none but religion's queen.  
**N**o more for praise, no more for haughty pride,  
**A**ll things to all, none but sweet heaven's bride.  
**R**esolving deeds with years 'till virtue's score  
**D**eals out thy golden crown on heaven's shore.

### Janging the Southside Firemen

Jang, jang, jang —

Jang, jang —

Jang, jang, jang.

Hear the Southside fire alarm;

Watch the prancing horses warm;

Watch the silvery harness fall

To the horses from the wall.

Away they go up Carson street,

Trucks, wagons and fiery engine fleet,

Galloping, prancing, on they go,

To drown the fire in tenement row.

Ben-Hur never made a swifter pace,

Nor Roman charioteer in the race,

The noblest steeds, the bravest men,

E'er described by tongue or pen.

Clang, clang, clang —

See the blazing house and sky;

Watch the brave firemen climb on high,

Hear the roaring water fall,

Jang — the fire's out, that's all.

### Frick's Charity

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall mercy gain.

Frick gave his millions to soothe the poor man's pain.

He kindly kept the golden rule so true,  
Do to others as you would have others do to you.

He made his millions from the poor man's toil,  
He could not take them with him to the soil.  
Millions make a burden more than most can bear,

Millions he gave for charity, share for share.  
God made each man to play his humble part,  
Some are losers, some are gainers from the start.

Some build monuments to please the human ken,

Others act with mercy and gain the hearts of men.

No man can safely judge his fellow man,  
None but God alone doth know the royal plan,  
Each for each and all for all,  
And all alike must face the final call.

Providence Hospital 1918

Providence Hospital claims ten Sisters rare.  
All rise at five to offer prayer.  
Sister Ligouri now rules with care,  
And Serena guards her Virgin Grotto fair.  
Elizabeth counts her microbes by X-Ray.  
Aquinata and Gabriel work and pray,  
Blandina makes the sweetest pills,  
Fair Mary Joseph cures our ills,  
But Bessie and Jenny make up the bills.  
Mary Stephen guards the Nurses' Training  
School,  
Whilst Wilfred and Bertille observe the rule.  
I do nothing but invent or roam,  
And occasionally write a little poem.

### The Price of War

As Hell is War so War is Hell,  
A Sherman and a Dante tell.  
A million men dead on the plain  
Ten million more far worse than slain.  
This is the price of War.

O noble man ! O freeborn man !  
The highest being in God's plan,  
Why sacrifice to idol Mars,  
That mean, miserable, low god of Wars ?  
Our God is God alone.

The battles roar on foreign shore  
Why bring us to their death ?  
To kill our kin, the elder sin  
For greed or gold or wealth ?  
No, never more.

To end the War, to end the War,  
Oh Prince of Peace draw near !  
Our homes, our lives, our very souls  
Are wrapt in War's dread fear.  
Why kill our brother man ?

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Our Eagle mates with British lion,  
The price will be our Nation's sin.  
A mongrel brood will soon arise  
Like serpent's teeth to crush our cries  
To crush our press, to crush our speech.

Heed we our noble Washington's plea  
"Never mix with alien's troubled sea,"  
The Briton loves dominions rule  
Let us not bow before his school.  
No, never, never more.

Let voice of Freedoms people rise  
And swear beneath the vaulted stars;  
We'll fight at home for native land,  
But never seek for foreign Wars.  
We'll swear, for evermore!

The lust of gold is firecest lust  
And the yellow is branded in,  
The harlot's shame would be on our brow,  
If we are one with the harlot's sin.

The Prince of Peace hath said the word,  
"Who draws the sword shall die by the sword"  
This is the Price of War and Sin.





FATHER GLYNN'S PARISH CHURCH,  
BROWNSVILLE, PA.

St. Peter's Catholic Church, where he  
labored most successfully many years.

## Our Lord Left the Ninety and Nine

“Laugh and the World laughs with you,  
Weep and you may weep alone.”

Some folk may not know others’ sorrows,  
They may have sorrows deep of their own.

No man can be neutral to others,  
Or forget that his neighbor’s humane.  
Remember, we are all brothers;  
We should soothe each other’s sorrow and  
pain.

The good that we do for our brother  
Will reward us even here with joy;  
The cup of water we give to another  
Will bring us eternal bliss on High.

In Life’s fierce contest,  
Don’t praise too much the winner;  
Remember our Lord left the ninety and nine  
And sought the wandering sinner.

# FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

## Ode

*To Sister De Paul Brennen of Providence Hospital*

Peace hath her conquests more than war;  
Charity rules when armies fail.  
When love Divine enshrines the hearts of men,  
The Heavens proclaim their love.  
Not all who wear the crown reward of merit  
bear,  
Purple and fine linen oft a bauble, price or  
favor wear.  
All hail—  
Farewell, Sister De Paul (a sweet farewell.)  
Providence Hospital now weeps with joy  
and sorrow wed  
That thou art gone. No more thy stately  
form  
With firm but gentle voice shall fill its halls.  
Thy task is done; others now must come to  
take thy place.  
Complete the work that thou hast begun;  
But when we turn time backward in its flight  
What scenes we see!

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Six years yet scare have flown  
Since Sister De Paul began her noble work —  
To build this house for God's infirm and poor.  
The walls in Reeves' old manse were cold and  
bare;  
The cricket sang his song beneath the hearth.

Serena, with Vicentia and Maria Joseph  
fair —

These four Black Caps that gave this house  
its birth —

What did they fear when Providence the helm  
did guide?

The dim religious light soon filled the chapel-  
hall.

The Virgin's grotto, where virgins virgin call.  
Effulgent grace whate'er betide doth now  
abound.

Its noble walls to Heaven now proudly rise,  
But many a tear was shed and prayer oft rent  
the skies

Before success was sure — before was won the  
prize,

Providence Hospital, that sits near Beaver's  
Vale and Falls.

What stories thou couldst tell couldst speak  
thy walls,

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Of joys and sorrows, pain and grief and woe,  
The poignant pangs of stern reality we all must  
know;

The grace triumphant that o'ercomes the strife,  
And angel-virgins lead us to a better life.

All hail, Providence Hospital — All hail, Sister  
De Paul!

Like Paul himself, thou are all things to all;  
Thy hands were ever open to charity's sweet call.  
Thou art indeed a Brennen on the Moor,  
When Charity called thou didst see Christ at  
the door.

### The Poor Sparrow

Friend hast thou time to hear of Joy and Woe?  
One eve I sat within my vine clad portico,  
Reading of heroes, both great and small,  
Of War and Peace, of Heaven and Hell,  
Of men and money, and all who wait the final  
knell,

When with a shriek a sparrow poor flew near  
the wall.

A sudden storm had spoilt her fledgling's home,  
And hurled her dearies to the world below.

But O the pity of it, O the woe,  
A fox-like eat, just then perchanced to roam;  
No Spartan ever fought a braver fight,  
Than that poor sparrow fought that night.  
And when I placed her birdies safe above,  
I thought poor sparrow, like to me in woe and  
love,

Thou art a roamer upon this world so fair,  
To clean the streets, to shrill the air,  
To pick the bridal rice before my church's door,  
And share it with thy young where'er they soar.

## The Hospital Grotto

*Adapted by the Jubilarian*

A man, all city, weary too,  
A breath of balm, it makes him dream —  
In youth a garden old he knew;  
    He saw it in the star-light gleam.  
Again he viewed the blossoms rare,  
    Whose scent on every breeze was blown;  
And in his dream he wandered there —  
    But there he wandered not alone!

The story here might have its end  
    Had not the man a poet been,  
But midnight saw him sadly wend  
    Back to his garret there to lean  
Above a table while he wrote  
    How Life and Fate had done him wrong;  
And with an aching heart and throat  
    He shrined his sorrow in a song.

The poem printed o'er his name  
    By land and sea spread far and wide,

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

It turned the tide, it brought him fame  
And almost all Fate had denied.  
But what is all alas without  
The sweetest guerdon life can bring,  
Ay what is life with love left out?  
A barren worthless bitter thing.

Haply when fortune turns, sometime,  
It turns indeed and brings its best;  
With patience list my simple rhyme  
A moment further — hear the rest:  
The Poet's song, it strayed at last  
To that old garden on the hill  
The Virgin's Grotto of the past,  
The minstrel's sweetheart, waiting still.

What happened next, you ask. Well well,  
If you can't guess, 'tis very droll;  
It is not, sir, true art to tell  
Of any story quite the whole.  
Now Betsey maid, who writes for me,  
Think you she fancied she'd set free  
The ending of a romance gay?  
Serene in Hospital Grotto, there's Jubilee  
today.

### My Trained Nurse

Tender, loving, gentle and true,  
Science made the doctors,  
But God made you.

Pretty and graceful, cheerful and fair,  
Society has cold etiquette  
But thou art debonair.

Kindest and sweetest purer than gold,  
The world has its queens.  
But you never grow old.

Early and late thou dost sit by my side.  
Thou art my guardian angel  
No harm shall betide.

When weary and sad from the ills of life,  
Thou dost cheer me, console me  
And help me in the strife.

Tender, loving, gentle and true,  
Science made the doctors,  
But God made you.

### Irish Canary's Freedom Song

Oh, would that my heart could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me,  
As I hear the canary's soul song  
Complaint for liberty.

Hast thou heard the canary's liberty song,  
Its rapturous carol all day long?

I have heard the mocking bird  
And Galli-Curci true;  
I have heard sweet Patti  
And Ireland's John McCormack, too.  
The symphonies and rhapsodies  
Of Damrosch rich and rare,  
Yet none of those in harmony  
With my Irish canary can compare.

How oft distract I try to pray  
With formal ceremony,  
When my little yellow fellow  
Laughs me to shame with prayerful melody.  
From lowest G to highest C  
With coloratura and miserere,  
No scale was yet so high or long  
As to hold my little Irish fellow's

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Soulful heartful song.  
An English bishop said one day,  
With hypocritic roundelay:  
“My little friend, I pity thee.”  
“Then why not make me free,” he plead.  
“Ah! only yesterday at that  
I saw an English sinful cat,  
Thou shouldst a willing prisoner be  
Lest that evil cat should murder thee.”

## Who Caused the High Cost of Living?

Who caused the high cost of living?  
Not I, says the speculator,  
Though I may corner corn in my elevator,  
And some folks call me a manipulator,  
Yet blame me not for the high cost of living.

Who caused the high cost of living?  
Not I, says the humble toiler,  
For a living wage I'm daily bent,  
To keep wifie and kids and pay the rent,  
I'm not the dark despoiler.

Who caused the high cost of living?  
Not I, says the farmer,  
The false charge often makes me sweat,  
I work hard from sunrise to sunset,  
But I'm not quite a millionaire yet,  
Not I, says the farmer.

Who caused the high cost of living?  
Not I, says the banker,  
I have not caused the canker,  
Money makes money, as bees make honey,  
Not I, says the banker.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Who caused the high cost of living?  
Not I, says the consumer,  
I am the victim of the gnawing tumor,  
High cost consumes the consumer,  
The subtle charge is a wicked rumor.  
Not I, says the consumer.

Well, then, who did cause the high cost of living?

It was I, said Mars, the red god of wars,  
I was the first cause of the  
High cost of living,  
But now that the war is o'er, I am the cause no  
more.

And the false profiteer with his 100% lire,  
Is the real villain in the high cost of living.

Father Anastasius Kreidt—Requiescat  
In Peace

An Ambassador of Christ has died,  
Died as he mounted Calvary's Altar High,  
Bearing God's burden with humble joy  
Bowing his head, "Thy will be done," he cried.

Oh the years he prayed and the tears he stayed  
The conversions of humble sinners he made,  
The records alone in Heaven can tell  
As he heard God's call at the final bell.

How kindly he thanked me when I gave him  
Our Lord  
In daily Communion near the hospital ward.  
The heavenly smile on his radiant face  
Enshrined this great soul in a state of grace.

He saw great souls in men, saints in women  
And the image of God in all,  
He served His God and helped his fellow men  
The Carmelite monk hears the last joyful call.

## The Millenium Approaches

*Let Us Forgive Them Their Debts As  
They Forgive Their Debtors.*

If poor tremulous Europe would only disarm  
We might place them again on a paradise farm ;  
Forgive them their debts, as they forgive their  
debtors

And prove to the world than none are our  
bettters.

If England would sink her navy to the depths  
of the sea,

And with heroic sacrifice set all Ireland free,  
The whole world would rejoice on a basis of  
gold,

With Russia and Germany back in the fold,  
The commerce of all nations would flourish like  
Jericho's Rose,

And the world would again return to a state of  
repose.

With Peace on Earth, all men and Nations free,

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

We would give glory to God in Christian harmony.

America, God's Promised Land of Liberty,  
Forgive them their debts, and set the whole world free !

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

### Mass Celebrated in Johnstown Under a Grape Arbor the First Sunday After the Disastrous Flood at the Former Home of the Rev. Father J. R. Matthews Now of Washington, D. C.\*

Under the grape arbor Father Taheny stood  
Noah like offered the Holy Sacrifice after the  
Flood.

The beauteous bow of heaven shone o'er us then  
And we bowed to God's will with a grand amen.  
Sweetly the birds sang the Gloria's lines  
Whilst we served the Mass under the spreading  
vines.

Melchisedec like we brought bread and wine  
And rang the bell gently 'neath the purpling  
vine.

Moses worshipped God in the Tabernacle Tent  
The Lord God of Hosts was pleased and content.  
The honor had we an honor most rare  
Of offering the Holy Sacrifice in God's sweet  
air.

The Majesty of Heaven and the Angels were  
there  
And under the canopy of heaven we communed  
in prayer.

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\* He has recently been elevated and become the Rt. Rev.  
Mgr. J. R. Matthews.

## The Yellowstone. Night's Plutonian Shore

Old Homer, Virgil and Dante dread  
Depict the eternal regions of the dead.  
Poe's Raven darkly brings us visions more  
That draw our minds to Night's Plutonian  
shore.

But all hell's havoc and all hell's fire  
Must have combined here in this infernal fire.  
On the hills above my own Johnstown I stood  
In awe the morn after the fatal Flood,  
But never, never more can poet pen  
Such sombre scenes as fill this awful glen.  
On old Yellowstone's Fire Hole river  
We may still see Charon on the Styx  
And Erebus and the dreaded Nox,  
The boat filled with dead souls, souls that  
quiver,  
Pluto and Vulcan are most busy here  
And Minos brings to judgement all this sphere.  
At last the Canyon's yawning maw  
Engulfs the sordid souls that once defied God's  
Law.

### The Patient Nun

One year on Hospital bed she has lain  
Although her limbs are racked with constant  
    pain  
Yet never a murmur does this Nun complain.  
Slowly the clock ticks through the long night  
And the Nurse comes in to make the pillow  
    right,  
But patience sweet patience is this good Nun's  
    delight.  
The long night gives way to the grey morn  
    without fears  
It means Communion time when Our Lord  
    appears  
United in prayer united in love  
She communes with Our Lord and his angels  
    above.





## What Does It Profit a Man?

The majestic Blaine, Knight of the flowing Plume  
Served Twenty Years in Congress Halls,  
Thrice had he the Presidency within his calls,  
Yet Providence consigned him to an unsung  
Tomb.

What does it profit any mortal man  
Who may know all things in pliant nature's  
plan?

Who knows the inmost secrets of the earth  
Yet disowns the Creator Who gives them birth?  
Where now is Cheops his slaves and Queen so  
bland?

All gone but the mummy and the Pyramid  
grand.

Where now is Alexander and his conquered  
worlds?

Demosthenes who his Philippics hurls?

Where now is the mighty Caesar his Omnia  
Gallia pride?

Dashed on the shores of time's rebounding tide.

Where now is Cicero and the great Democracy  
of Rome?

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Crumbled is the Forum not a stone upon a stone.  
So pass we all unto the slimy sod,  
The Creator alone remains the same The  
Almighty God.

Still, What does it profit a man? Who shall  
pay the toll?

If he owned the whole world, yet loses his own  
soul?

## Carnegie

Come mellow muse and sing thy sweetest lay,  
Come sit with me beneath the olive tree  
And sing success and the master mind Carnegie.  
Sing of the orphaned boy and mother poor,  
When fate came coyly tapping at his door  
He grasped her fast and ne'er would let her  
pass  
Until she yielded all her golden store.  
Industry and thrift oft makes for more than  
college lore.  
To choose his Schwab and gain his love and  
mind,  
“YOU cannot fail he said, failure is not your  
kind,  
And I will help you build up to the sky,  
Failure is but the weakling's envious cry.”  
The monuments he built more durable than  
brass  
Will preach his praises until time shall pass.  
He claimed to love and help his fellow men  
To help themselves. Of science he had little  
ken.

## FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Yet, behold his gifts, Carnegie Institute so  
grand,  
Fine Arts, Music, Libraries and Technic, Col-  
lege Funds,  
God's holy temples with his big organ's solemn  
roar  
May give him final welcome to the golden shore.







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